

:- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

The Touch of a Baby Hand.

BY SUSAN E. CLAGETT
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MADLINE GRAHAME was worn out mentally and physically. There was nothing the matter with her except strain from overwork and a little nagging worry at the back of her brain that she had ignored for many months, but that lately had forced itself into the foreground and compelled recognition. When she found she must take it seriously she dropped her work and sailed for Newfoundland.

The first two days out she had deck and dining saloon to herself, and it was not until the steamer reached Halifax that the tables began to fill. Then, to her consternation, she saw the man of all others she did not wish to see—the man, in fact, from whom she was running away.

He was at dinner and his back was toward her, so she slipped unseen from the saloon to her chair on deck to face her dilemma. There was no avoiding him. That she fully realized, but before she could go further in her thought she heard him say:

"Right here, Steward, there seems room for another chair," and chair and rug and Peter Lansdale took possession of the space beside her.

There was an instant's silence as they looked straight into each other's eyes, and then he laughed.

"Did you think I would not find you, Madeline?"

"Not after I knew you were on board; before then, yes. You have given me a surprise. Why did you come?" She asked the question pleasantly, but she was tingling with ill-suppressed irritation that she could barely control. The irritation was against herself at the comfortable feeling that had come over her at the sound of his voice.

Peter Lansdale always gave her this sense of security and well-being.

Whether it was his big, honest, forceful honesty, his genial laugh or his confidence in himself that inspired confidence in others, she could not have told, but she felt his influence.

She loved him. This she acknowledged, but she felt that in marriage she would sink her personality and become, if not a nonentity, something very near to it. She had filled her own particular place in the scheme of things too long to give up her independence willingly for the seclusion of a home.

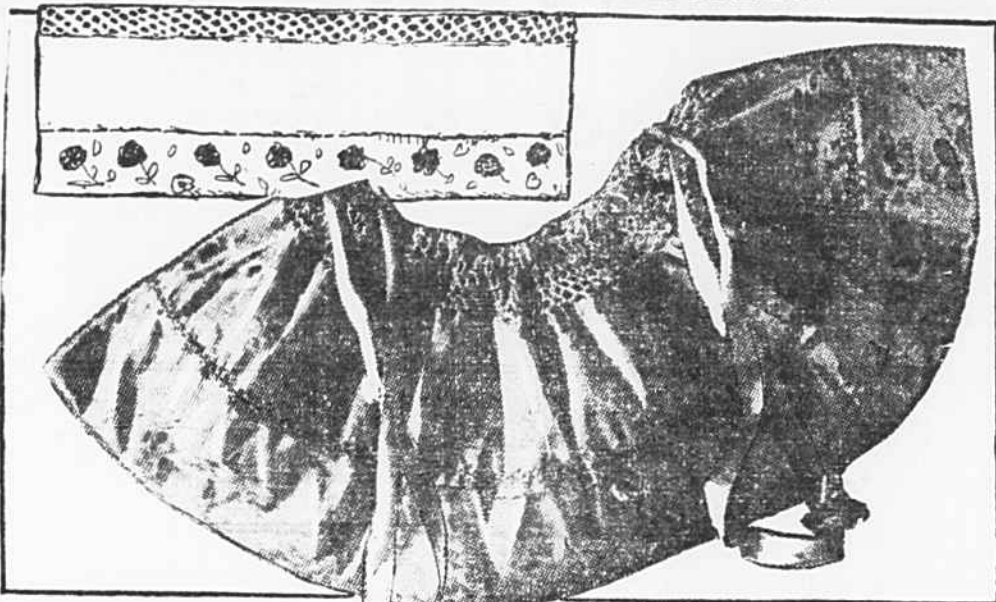
She was also afraid that in an unguarded moment he would learn how much he was to her. She faced this thought now. For the moment it had been for gotten in the peace of his presence, but it returned with force as he said slowly:

"I had the feeling you were going away and made it my business to find out where. Don't blame your sister. She was loyal to your wish I should not be told, but that small nephew of yours took me into his confidence and after a five minutes' talk I broke every speed law that has been enacted and just made train connections. I reached the pier as the gangplank was pulled aboard. Do you think it was quite fair not to tell me you were going away?" he asked abruptly.

"It was a sudden decision," she replied rather lamely.

He did not seem to hear her. "You ask me why I came. Because I knew you could not get away from me; that we would have ample time to thrash out our differences, time for me to convince you of the futility of your present attitude. You have evaded me long enough. Before we return I think our understanding of each other will be perfect."

HALF-MOON BAG FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENT



CHRISTMAS WORK BAG

BY BIDDY BYE

The half-moon, one of the prettiest and most practical of Christmas bags, may be put together in an hour.

It requires three-fourths of a yard of fancy ribbon 12 inches wide, or a yard and a half of ribbon 6 inches wide, or two and a quarter yards 3 inches wide; a ball of mercerized

crochet cotton, and three yards of narrow ribbon for a draw string.

If the narrow ribbon is used, set it together with featherstitching. If silk is used, hem the top of the bag before beginning to crochet. Stitch the ends of the bag, crochet six rows of meshes about the top, finish with a shell edge and run in the draw ribbon.

She turned upon him enraged. "You will spoil my trip!"

"No," he answered gravely, "but you must know why I came. I will not revert to this talk. It is enough for you to feel that I am here because of you."

Thereafter there was nothing personal in their conversation. So completely did he ignore their talk on the first night out from Halifax that, even in the pleasure of his constant companionship, she began to wonder over his silence. Perhaps it was that for which he was waiting, a growing dependence that made him necessary to her. Be that as it may, he kept silent, and therefore kept her thinking.

Near Cape Race the steamer ran into a storm and from storm into heavy depressing fog that shut her in completely. All of one night and into the following day the siren and forlorn rasped nerves already tense. Then, when the fog was thickest, a horrible shiver ran the length of the vessel.

She had been rammed by a steamer whose ghostly shape could be seen faintly through the thickness that enveloped her.

This nearness to catastrophe left Madeline trembling and when Peter Lansdale drew her away from the quiet but terrified crowd, she clung to him as if she would never let go.

She expected him to hold her close, as if she was the most precious thing in the world to him. Instead, he gazed intently over her head as he put her into a chair and told her to stay where she was until he returned.

Chilled, even in her fright, she did not mean to be left alone by the one person upon whom she had the claim of friendship and she followed him to the rope that separated the first from the second class passengers. Pandemonium was on the other side, and in the midst was Peter, holding a baby in his arms and trying to quiet the frightened mother. He saw Madeline, and before she could offer protest had given the child into her keeping and disappeared.

"DON'T WED YOUNG" SAYS RICH WOMAN WHO ASKS DIVORCE



MRS. THEODOR KUNDTZ JR.

Mrs. Kundtz, 20, prominent Cleveland society woman, who was married at 17 and is suing for divorce, charging cruelty, says "I do not believe in marrying young. Persons should wait until they know more about the world, and until they know if they are properly mated."

Q-BAN REVIVES COLOR GLANDS

Darkens Gray Hair Naturally.

Q-Ban Hair Color Restorer is no dye, but acts on the roots, making hair and scalp healthy and restoring the color glands of the hair. So if your hair is gray, faded, bleached, prematurely gray, brittle or falling, apply Q-Ban Hair Color Restorer (as directed on bottle), to hair and scalp. In a short time all your gray hair will be restored to an even delicate, dark shade and entire head of hair will become soft, fluffy, long, thick and of such an even beautiful dark color no one could tell you had applied Q-Ban. Also stops dandruff and falling hair, leaving your hair fascinating and abundant without even a trace of gray. Sold on a money-back guarantee. 50 cents for a big bottle at Martin's Drug Store. Out-of-town folks supplied by mail.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM NEVER WATCHES THE CLOCK—ANY MORE—)BY ALLMAN.



of five years the death rate falls rapidly and at the adult ages the death rate is only about 1 per cent. of the average rate for the ages under five years.

HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED.
K. N. R.: "Do not touch alcoholic liquors yet my nose is very red. Can you tell me the reason? Am a hearty

eater and in good health." Most likely caused by overeating. Cut down your diet. Drink more water.



Osgood's
for
Quality

The Shop of
Useful Gifts



What shall I give her? A very perplexing problem indeed, but, not so, when you have a store like Osgood's in town. You need but spend a very few minutes here where all about is displayed good useful articles for mother, wife, sweetheart or sister. Each is marked plainly and one can actually wait on themselves. Visit this Gift Shop with your list!

Beautiful Waists

A good looking cotton waist packed in a Christmas box for \$1.00.

Better and more gorgeous waists in silk and Georgette, all new styles and colors, packed individually, priced from \$2.50 to \$12.50.

Furs!

The best article of apparel, the most appreciated gift is a set of good furs. Every new style in the most wanted pelts are here. We guarantee every piece you buy and exchange it after Christmas if not satisfactory.

Priced from \$5.00 to \$75.00 the Set.

Suits, Dresses and Millinery!

Make handsome and appropriate gifts and right now these most wanted articles can be had at from 10% to 25% less than the regular prices. This is good reason why one should make selections early.

Coats!

Winter coats hold first place in selling one can always find what they want here because we replenish our stock almost daily with new arrivals always priced low. \$10 to \$75.

Sweaters

Useful as well as beautiful is our wool and silk sweaters priced \$2.98, \$3.50, \$5.00, \$7.50 to \$10.00.

Handkerchiefs

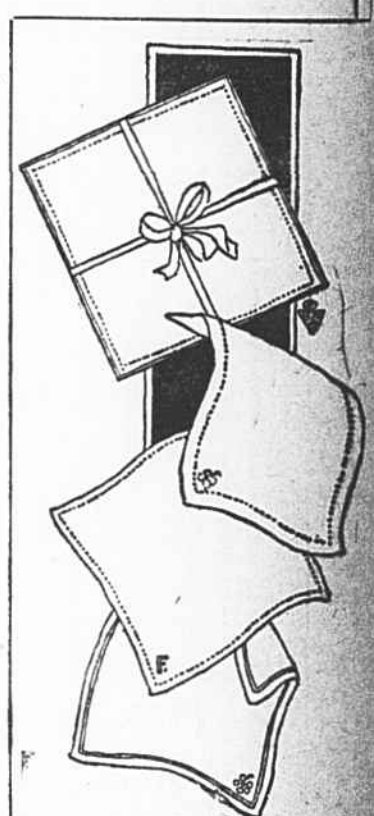
A large table full of snowy white kerchiefs all prettily boxed at

Hosiery

always an acceptable gift. New hose in effective checks, and stripes in all shades as well as black and white at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.

Purses

and pouch bags. Many styles to select from, made of leather, silk and velvet. \$1.00, \$1.25, \$2.98, \$3.50, \$5.00, \$10.00.



:- CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-

"I wonder, dear Margie," said Paula, when she had reached this point in her story, "if every girl has as hard a time as I in separating the sheep from the goats."

"I am afraid I am not a very good judge of human nature, for if a man has fine manners I always seem to assume his morals cannot be corrupt."

"In fact, I have come to the place, that every woman reaches who has come in contact with the world, of thinking that while I know absolutely of what good manners consist I am not so sure of good morals."

"I have known women who have torn false witness against their neighbors, who have stolen the time and hearts of their friends and have murdered their confidence and truth, and yet because they had the one much-valued virtue of chastity have considered themselves unblemished if some poor girl, who has all the virtues but one, ventures to address them."

"I have known men who have crushed out of some girl's heart the last trace of love, loyalty and faith, and still have been honest because their code would not allow them to steal money from their fellows."

"Do you know, Margie, I have come to believe that the moral person is the one who lives up to the code of hurting no one but himself—the kind of a person who would drive his motor car right off the precipice rather than hurt the child playing in the narrow road."

"I think most of us shrink from inflicting needless physical hurt on anyone. We have reached a stage of civilization where this is true of individuals, but we have yet to learn that the greatest hurts in all the world are those which inflict the mind and lay low the spirit."

"Jeff Perrygreen showed his rare courage when I told him I was in love with another, and he said, 'Paula, I will not venture to say anything about anyone else, but I know that I shall always love you. You see, loving you has grown to be a settled habit, my dear—and I am not sure that habit is not stranger than love itself.'"

"When he said that, Margie, I thought to myself, 'Poor Jeff. That is just the reason, I am afraid, why I don't love you. There is nothing very emotional about habit. Nothing that

is habitual ever gives one a thrill even though it may bind one to the rack of monotony with such steel-like tones that getting away from the deadly boredom is impossible."

"I think that at that moment, if Jeff had made violent love to me I would perhaps have forgotten Ernest, but dear Jeff was afraid of hurting my sensitive nature, I suppose."

"He told me in a perfectly calm tone of voice that he loved me and I would have had no idea that he was so vitally interested in the outcome if he had not changed color so perceptibly when I told him there was someone else."

"When he helped me out of his motor car at my boarding house, he said: 'I shall not give up hope, Paula. I've got to keep on hoping to make life bearable.' And then he said good-night. I have often thought if he had but taken me in his arms then and kissed me I would have capitulated, but his love was very formal."